

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXV.—NO. 17

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 28, 1892.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Push the Spring Goods.

The good times of '92 are here! good times and a brave outlook for our own great business.

In fashioning, making, quality—Wanamaker & Brown Spring Clothing is surpassingly good.

Three-fourths of the selling Good Clothing at fair prices lies in the manufacturing. It can't be done by a store that doesn't.

We manufacture on the same great scale as wholesalers; don't sell any of our clothing except to you who put it right on your back; and then have enough to do to sell it as low as we do and make it as good as we do.

We buy much cloth at the cloth-mill's doors. We have it cut by our own cutters, under our eyes. We have it made by our own careful workpeople. Every needless expense of selling is cut off.

Our offer of Railroad Excursion Fare on top of all.

New Spring Specialties in Ten Dollar Overcoats. New Spring Specialties in Twelve Dollar Overcoats.

Handsome—the fitting and tailoring great. Silk Lined—Fifteen and rising in price. Spring Suits—New features and qualities, \$10. Better—\$12, \$15—the cloth much better. The finest qualities fully represented.

Don't lose sight of it—Our business is directly with the consumer. We cut the cost down by manufacturing. We sell at the lowest prices because we manufacture. It makes a difference of dollars to you.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Sixth and Market, Philadelphia.

For example, we pay Railroad Excursion Fare from Middletown if you purchase \$20.00 worth.

Farmers, Look to Your Interest!

PARVIS & WILLIAMS CO.



TRADE

MANUFACTURERS OF

Globe Guano,
Soluble Bone and Potash,
Delaware Soluble Bone.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST FERTILIZERS
ON THE MARKET.

Also, Dealers in Fertilizer Materials of all Kinds.

Drilling condition guaranteed on all goods before leaving the factory.

Parvis & Williams Company,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

RICE'S RICE'S
FRESH OYSTERS,
FRESH CONFECTIONERY,
FRESH FRUITS.
Best Brands of Cigars.

NO OLD STOCK ON HAND.

Our Christmas sales took away everything. The New Year finds us with an entirely new stock. Notwithstanding Christmas is over we will have in a few days a full line of toys. We keep them all the year round. Dolls a Specialty.

E. B. RICE, Middletown, Del.

SPRING FOOTWEAR,

All the Latest Styles.

NOW IN AT PRETTYMAN'S.

Men's Light Weight Calf, Dongola and Mat Kid. Ladies' Light Weights in both Shoes and Oxford Ties. Plow Shoes and Tennis Shoes.

A CASH STORE. E. PRETTYMAN,
Main Street, Middletown.

The Transcript \$1, per year.

Miscellaneous Ad's.

\$10.00

\$12.00

\$15.00

Popular Prices for
Excellent Qualities.
Latest Styles and
Choicest Colorings of
Spring Overcoats.

JACOB REED'S
SONS,
918-920-922 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL. - - \$500,000.00.
SURPLUS. - - \$70,000.00

Security Trust and Safe Deposit
Company,

519 MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, DEL.

MOST UNDESERVED OR WAITING INVESTMENT
can be made to earn you interest deposited
with this company.

Interest is paid on deposits of money as fol-
lows: 3 per cent on deposits payable on demand,
by check, same as banks; 3 1/2 per cent
on deposits payable in 30 days; 4 per cent
on deposits payable after 30 days' notice. Special rates for large sums
to be arranged.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the accounts of
Ladies, also to those of Executives, Traders,
Manufacturers, Merchants and Bankers.

The Company sets by authority of law as
Executive Agent, and executes trusts of
outstanding men, and executes trusts of
every description.

Our company is well informed and full information
furnished concerning all branch of
the Company's business. Satisfaction guaranteed
and prompt payment.

BENJ. NIELS, Pres.
JAS. B. CLARKSON, Treas. & Sec.
H. C. ROBINSON, Vice Pres.
H. C. ROBINSON, Pres. of the Officers.

DIRECTORS:

Henry C. Robinson, Jas. B. Clarkson, Phillip Phinney, John H. Chandler, James F. Dure, Wm. R. Brinckley, Wm. F. Bancroft, Wm. J. McClary.

EDWIN A. JOHNSON & CO.,
147 N. Twelfth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Sept 24th m.

A Great Convenience and
Saving of Expense to
the Ladies.

We have located as our agent Miss Mary Alice, a young woman of great tact, who will at all times be pleased to show samples of goods and give estimates on cost of making, and to advise on all subjects. These fittings are strictly tailor-made and we guarantee a perfect fit. Miss Alice is specially experienced in the art of tailor fitting.

Call and see if we do not Save
you Money.

Remember through Miss Alice you purchase
directly from the manufacturer.

No Charge for Fitting.

Respectfully.

EDWIN A. JOHNSON & CO.,

147 N. Twelfth Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Sept 24th m.

FOR SHERIFF

OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY.

GEORGE C. ROTHWELL,

OF BLACKBIRD HUNDRED.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic Party.

Sept 24th m.

FOR SHERIFF

OF NEW CASTLE CO.,

FRED KIENLE,

OF WILMINGTON HUND.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic Party.

Sept 24th m.

FOR SHERIFF

OF NEW CASTLE CO.,

James Carmichael.

OF WILMINGTON HUNDRED.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic Party.

Sept 24th m.

WANTED SALESMAN.

Salary and ex-
pense place; good chance for advancement;

experience unnecessary; outfit free; reliable
territory and sub-agents given right party.

Apply at once. Brown Brothers Company,

Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

A SPRING ROMANCE.

THE yellow March sun lay power-
fully on the bare Iowa prairie,
where the plowed fields were already
turning warm and brown, and only
here and there in a corner or on the
north side of the fence did the sultry
days remain, and they were so dark
and low that they hardly appeared to
break the mellow brown of the fields.

There passed also an occasional
flock of geese, cheerful harbingers of
spring, and the prairie-chickens had
set up their morning symphony, wide-
swelling, wonderful with its prophecy
of the new birth of grass and grain
and the springing life of all breathing
things. The crow passed now and
then, uttering his resonant croak, but
the crane had not yet sent forth his
bugle note.

Lynne Gilman rested on his
axle-heat at the wood-pile of farmer
Bacon to listen to the music around him. In a vague way he was power-
fully moved by it. He heard the
hens singing their weird, raucous,
monotonous song, and saw them bur-
rowing in the dry chip-dust near him. He
saw the young colts and cattle
frisking in the sunny space around
the straw-stacks, absorbed through
his bare arms and uncovering head the
heat of the sun, and felt the soft woo-
ing of the air so much that he broke
into an unworded exclamation:

"All right, here goes. Marietta Bacon, ain't you an' Lynne Gilman goin' to be married?"

"I guess you'd better find out what
I'm a-goin' t' say, Lynne Gilman, fore
you pitch into dad."

"I know what you're a-goin' t' say."

"No, y' don't."

"Yes, but I do, though."

"Well, ask me and see, if you think
you're so smart. Just as like's not
caring to talk on general topics. The
hour was an anxious one for her and
an important one for him.

"Wal, now, Lynne, seedin' is the
next thing," said Bacon as he shoved
back his chair and glared around from
under his bushy eyebrows.

"We can't do too much this afternoon.
That seed'er got to be set up an' a lot
o' seed wheat cleaned up. You unload
the machine while I feed the pigs."

Lynne sat still till the old man was
heard outside calling "Poo-ee, poo-ee" to
the pigs in the yard, then he smiled
at Marietta, but she said:

"He's got on one of his fits, Lynne; I
don't b'lieve you'd better tackle him
t'day."

"Don't you worry; I'll fix him. Come,
now, give me a kiss."

"Why, you great thing! You took
me to the window."

"I know, but I want you to give me
an' me. Just walk right up to me an'
give me a smack t' bind the bargain
we've made."

"I ain't made no bargain," laughed the
girl. Then feeling the force of
his tender tone, "Will you behave,
and go right off to your work?"

"Just like a little man—hope t' die!"

"Lynne!" roared the old man from
the barn.

"Who's goin' t' live on ye?"

"You're aimin' to."

"I ain't neither."

"Yes, y' are. You've loafed on me
ever since I hired ye."

"That's a——" Lynne checked him-
self for Marietta's sake, and the en-
raged father went on.

"I hired ye t' cut wood, an' you've
gone an' fooled my daughter away
from me. Now you jest figger up
what I owe ye, and git out o' here."

"Wal, I can't go too soon t' suit me."

Bacon was renowned as the "hard-
est man in Cedar County to handle,"
and though he was getting old, he
was still a terror to his neighbors
when roused. He was honest, tem-
perate, and a good neighbor until
something carried him off his balance;
then he became as cruel as a panther
and as savage as a grizzly. All this
Lynne knew, but it did not keep his
anger down so much as did the
thought of Marietta. His silence in-
furiated Bacon, who yelled hoarsely:

"Get out o' this!"

"Don't be in a rush, ol' man."

With a curse Bacon hurried himself
upon Lynne, who threw out one hand
and seized his assailant by the collar,
stopping him, while he said in a low
voice:

"Stay right where you are, ol'
man. I'm dangerous. It's fer Merry's
sake."

The infuriated father struck at him. Lynne warded off the blow, and
with a sudden wrench and twist threw him with
frightful force to the ground. Before Bacon could rise, Marietta,
who had witnessed the scene, came flying from the house.

"Lynne! Father! What are you
doing?"

"I—could n't help it, Merry. It
was him 'r me," said Lynne, almost
sadly.

"Dad, ain't you got no sense?"

"What're you thinking of? You jest
stop right now. I won't have it."

He rose while she clung to him. It
was the first time he had ever been
thrown, and he could not feel a
certain respect for his opponent, but
he could not give way.

"Pack up yer duds," he snarled,
"an' git off'n my land. I'll have the
money for ye when ye come back. I'll
give ye jest five minutes to git
clear o' here. Merry, you stay here."

The young man saw that it was use-
less to remain, as it would only excite
the old man; and so, with a look of
apology, not without humor, at
Marietta, he went to the house to get
his valise. The girl wept silently
while the father raged up and down.
His mood frightened her.

"I thought you had more sense
than t' take up with such a dirty
beggar," she blazed forth, "and he's just as good and
clean as you are."

"Shut up! Don't let me hear
another word out o' your head. I'm
not here yet, I reckon."

Lynne came out with his valise in
his hand.

"Good-bye, Merry," he said cheer-
ily. She started to go to him, but
her father's rough grasp held her.

"Set down, an' stay there."

Lynne was going out of the gate.

"Here! Come and get y'r money,"
yelled the

The Transcript

ABRAM VANDEGRIFT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING-RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents an inch for the first insertion and twenty-five cents an inch for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount is given to regular advertisers.

Local Notices ten cents a line for the first insertion. Death and Marriage Notices inserted free.

Subscription Price, one dollar per annum in advance. Single copy, three cents.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR

Thursday Afternoon, April 25, 1892

Democratic State Convention.



By order of the Democratic Executive Committee of Delaware, a State Convention composed of sixty-two delegates from New Castle, Kent, and Sussex counties, will be held at Dover, on TUESDAY, MAY 17th, 1892.

At 10 o'clock P. M.

For the purpose of appointing six delegates and six alternates, two of each from each county, to the national Democratic Convention, which is to assemble at Chicago on the 20th day of June, 1892, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States.

And the Democratic Executive Committee of Delaware, will call a convention to nominate the Democratic voters of each hundred and election district to hold such meetings, for the purpose of electing the delegates to the State Convention, to which they are respectively entitled.

Persons holding the primary elections in the several hundreds and election districts, are requested to prepare two certificates, one for the chairman of the State Convention, and one for the chairman of the election district, to be given the successful delegate or delegates.

ROBERT H. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

Chairman.

The Morning News, speaking of the proposition to call an extra session of the Legislature for the purpose of relieving the Courts of Delaware, writes out that under present circumstances "even disabled judges are preferred to relief." This is a foolish idea. If we are to do without courts of justice until a constitutional convention can be called the community will be in a state of anarchy before relief is possible. The condition of affairs is of course not satisfactory but the exigencies of the situation require prompt action of some kind and no one believes that Chief Justice Comegys or Judge Houston would stand in the way of the best interests of the State. A remedy which will act quickly is what the State needs at present. The constitutional convention method is too slow to answer the purpose. Those who want a convention should strive to secure its calling as quickly as possible, but they should not undertake to hamper the courts in order to frighten the people into voting for it.

The Delawarean suggests that the State Convention which meets May 17th to elect delegates to Chicago shall not instruct those delegates in the interests of any particular candidate, but rather to leave to them the right to vote for whom they please. Such a suggestion is the first step in the effort which is being made to secure the election to the national convention of delegates who are opposed to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. There never was a time when the Democratic party in Delaware needed more the help of a strong national ticket than the present. Strange to say Senator Hill has some admirers in this State, and it is their object to prevent the instruction of the delegates so that should Hill show any considerable strength at the start our delegates might go to his support without assuming the responsibility of neglecting the instructions given.

The Delawarean states that not a single Cleveland delegate was elected to the New York State Convention, and the statement is true in every particular, but at the same time misleading. That delegate election was carried on without regard to decency or honesty and had a Cleveland delegate been elected he would have been unceremoniously shut out. This however has nothing to do with Delaware. What Delawareans want is a free and untrammelled expression of the will of the people. They do not want any "Snap Convention" and at least eight out of ten of them do want to send a delegation to Chicago instructed to vote for Grover Cleveland, the man who made issues upon which the Democratic party can and will make a winning fight, the man who has the courage to say and to stand by what he believes to be right, the man who has done more than any other to afford our people a bright prospect of relief from a system of taxation which has been especially burdensome to them.

In Grover Cleveland is found one of that shitting and dodging which is characteristic of some other public men. With a weak-kneed candidate, afraid to express an opinion, hiding behind all kinds of excuses for Democratic policy we are doomed to defeat. What the party needs most in a candidate is fearlessness and honesty. Those qualities predominate in the character of Grover Cleveland, and he can and will carry the State of Delaware this fall.

The Daily Republican seems to be very much exercised concerning the actions of the Middletown Board of Trade and the Middletown Improvement Company. Among the active members of both of these organizations are a number of Democrats who believe in tariff reform, and against them the Republicans are waging a war which the editor fondly imagines will turn some Democrat from his allegiance to the cause. The statements made by the Republicans are not at all argumentative and prove nothing; they cannot be substantiated.

The real facts are that our people organized a Board of Trade because they needed some organized body which would be competent to speak authoritatively for the whole. They recognized the fact that "in union

there is strength" and acted accordingly. Out of the necessities of the Board of Trade sprang the Middletown Improvement Company. These two bodies are engaged in a laudable effort to bring to the town certain manufacturing establishments which will employ quite a number of operatives. These operatives will of course consume more or less of the necessities of life which our merchants will sell to them. By an increase in population an increase in business is assured. With the establishment of these industries the tariff had nothing to do, and the reason therefore is very simple, viz: that these establishments do not come from a foreign country but from other towns and cities within the United States and distant from this point not two hundred miles; therefore they were affected by the tariff as much before they came as they now are. Had they come from England or France or Germany there might have been some slight reason to suppose they came here to take advantage of the tariff; that is, the fact that this government taxes one class of men for the benefit of another might, under different circumstances, have caused these factories to locate here.

The Republican is decidedly weak in its arguments and delusive in statements. Last week the statement was made that we had a stocking factory in Middletown; this week it has changed to a shirt factory and the editor does not yet know which it is. Last week he stated that the Middletown farmer was protected against "the 70 cent wheat of India" by the McKinley law, when as a matter of fact the farmer is by that same law, left to shift for himself in a position which the enforcement of that law renders even less tenable than before. The Republican will of course admit, as all sensible people do, that the price of our grain is fixed at Liverpool, the great central grain market and point of distribution for the whole world. Such being the case, India wheat, if it can be produced at less cost than our wheat and freighted to Liverpool for less than our wheat can be freighted, will sell for a price per bushel which is commensurate with the cost. Our wheat goes to Liverpool and is sold at a price fixed by the price of India wheat. Here comes in the injustice and discrimination of the McKinley law.

Could our farmers who are compelled to compete with India wheat, take the money realized from the sale of their wheat, buy therewith such goods as they need and bring them home without having to pay a duty ranging from 25 to 175 per cent. they could better afford to compete with "India wheat" at 70 cents per bushel.

But, instead of being allowed to do that they are compelled to sell at Liverpool prices and to buy at Liverpool prices plus the amount of tax on imports added by the tariff. Neither Middletown, the Board of Trade nor the Improvement Company ask for a tariff.

On Saturday evening he was in high spirits. He had indirectly prevailed in a lawsuit in which he was substantially interested and his wife, who had been ill and her life despaired of, had recovered. Life looked bright to him. He had a prosperous practice and an encouraging future before him. No premonition of his awful end so near at hand seemed to cloud his mind.

About 10 o'clock Saturday evening, Dr. Hill was called upon at his little apothecary store by a messenger from James Shaw, who lives about two miles on the road toward Mayses' Station, on a lane called Price's, whose child was ill. The Doctor went to his home and harnessed his horse into a light two-wheeled road cart which he always used in answering sick calls. Bidding his wife good-bye he jumped into the cart and started off. This was the last seen of him till he was found, by his wife at 4 o'clock Sunday morning in a dying condition in his cart in his stableyard in the rear of his house. He remained in an unconscious condition until 3:25 o'clock in the afternoon, when he died. His eyes remained closed all this time and he merely groaned once or twice before he died.

On Monday afternoon Squire Johnson and R. K. Pippin, of Chestertown, the Coroner of the county, began the inquest. The jurors were: C. P. Loper, foreman; Henry Cook, Enoch Moffett, B. P. Morgan, William Comegys, W. H. Ford, James A. Edwards, William Russell, W. O. Dugan, C. L. Gill, James C. Moore, Amos Kelley, W. T. Collins, B. F. Vanzant, John McWhorter, and Fred Usilton. Several witnesses were examined. It seems that on the road near where Dr. Hill was supposed to have been attacked, at a place called Ford's Hill, the colored people were having an oyster supper Saturday night. This house was visited by a number of colored men and there was considerable drinking going on. Stephen Cooper and his wife were asked to explain the oyster party and told stories which were not satisfactory to the officials.

A man named Brooks was found to have one of Dr. Hill's cuff buttons in his vest pocket. He claimed he found it in the road; his story was credited.

The new board proceeded to elect the caucus nominees as follows:

Superintendent—George Groves.

Matron—Mary Groves.

Attorney—H. C. Conrad.

Coroner's physician—Dr. C. E. Baird.

Almshouse physician—Dr. A. B. Harris.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It dispels the fits of pain caused by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth sent to one and given a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It is given to children in small doses to relieve the poor little sufferer immediately.

Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regurgitation, colic, grippe, colds, Wind Colic, softens the Gums, removes Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething" is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle, and will bring a strong return to the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

W. H. DILWORTH, Suit.

Attorney-General Nicholson framed an indictment against J. H. Dilworth, editor of the Delaware City News, and submitted it to the grand jury at Dover, Tuesday afternoon. It charges Dilworth with criminal libel in calling the Rev. J. A. B. Wilson a "liar," a "murderer" and a "wire-puller." The true and only fact is that Dilworth and his case postponed until the next term of court. He was held on his own recognizance. It is generally thought that this ends the case and that no prosecution will follow, as Dr. Wilson's friends do not want him to prosecute.

Death of Richard Townsend.

He was a son of the late Mr. Samuel Townsend, a Delaware politician of no mean celebrity. He did not inherit his father's instincts in this line, but, influenced by the instructions and prayers of a dear old service of the great King, Richard Townsend, formerly at Townsend, but some years ago, sold his property there and removed to Kingston, Md., where he ended his earthly journey on the 11th inst., at the age of 53 years.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER

DR. J. H. HILL OF MILLINGTON, MD., BRUTALLY MURDERED. THREE ARRESTS MADE.

At an early hour Sunday morning Dr. J. H. Hill a prominent young physician of Millington, Md., was found in his light wagon in front of his home, in an unconscious condition, with his throat cut and face badly disfigured. His wife was the unfortunate to make the discovery and help was quickly summoned. He had been called out at 10:30 o'clock the previous evening to attend a patient near Mayses, and when he did not arrive home at 12 his wife became apprehensive lest something had befallen him. When she heard his team come up to the house at 4 o'clock she ran outside to meet him and was horror-stricken to find his almost lifeless body in the wagon.

The sad news spread rapidly and the excitement was intense. The fact that one of the best-known and most popular men in the county had been found almost dead and the strong suspicion that he had been murdered in the night by parties unknown was enough to cause excitement. No services were held in the churches all day and numerous people visited the place.

The report that Dr. Hill's death was the result of an attack of apoplexy and that his wounds were caused by falling in the wagon gained credence during the day, but the circumstances surrounding the case point very strongly toward the theory of murder.

The circumstances attending the murder of the young physician are most dramatic and it is doubtful if a more brutal crime ever committed in this country. The doctor kept a small drug store on the principal street of the village and lived with his young wife and 2 months' old child in a small frame house nearly opposite his place of business.

We've passed Sateens, silky Sateens, too long. While all the world of printed Dress Stuffs—Challis, Organies, Mouselines, Jaconets, Brandenburgs—has been getting ahead as never before, Sateens have been keeping close step with the leaders.

After the delightful softness and finish the glory of Sateen is in the color work. French art takes a high flight there. Such mosses and chrysanthemums and pinks! Daisies, real enough to worry a thrifty farmer. Dark grounds or light and all aglow with tints that tell of master-work in picturing. 35c. a yard.

Pekin Stripes—Sateen with satin stripes and blossom bits. Modest but masterly. New shades of tan, blue-gray, reds, lavender, Nile, ashes of rose, gray. Chintz colorings coming. 37c.

French Organies—catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 57c.

Linen Lawns, 37 styles at 30c; 35 styles, at 35c.

That tells variety—their cool, crisp beauty is beyond words.

White grounds touched with black or blue or red (or two of them) into fine ferny fronds, bits of grasses, heads of grain, plant sprays, grandings of shadings in wiggly shapes.

New art in them—beyond the fineness of Linen and the wit of weaving—artists' art; soft, shadowy, refreshing as the shade of a tree.

If you ever liked Linen Lawns you will love them now.

Linen for the Summer bed—interesting if you court coolness in such clothes.

Full 90 in. bleached Linen Sheetings at 90c. equal of any \$1 Sheetings elsewhere.

Hemstitched Linen Pillows, Cases, 22x36 in., \$1. pair. Bolster Cases, \$1.25 each.

The heavy German Table Linens are plenty once more—at least 25 per cent. under the regular retail market.

6 patterns, 60 in., heavy Drill at 50c. 5 patterns, 62 in., fine Damask at 50c. 6 patterns, 70 in., at 80c.

6 patterns, 65 in., heavy Single Damask at 85c.

7 patterns, extra heavy German Barnesley Doubt Damask, 62 in., \$1; 72 in., \$1.20.

When Spring advances a little more men will wear low Shoes. The need impends. Any day may demand them, Skies are dark and rain is falling at this writing. But sunshine and warmth are coming—coming soon. This is the nick of time for bargains in Men's Low Shoes.

Bargain No. 1—Russet Goat Laced Oxford Shoes with opera toes, tipped. They were \$3, to-day they are \$2.

Bargain No. 2—Fine Calf Laced Oxford Shoes with opera toes, tipped. They were \$3, to-day they are \$2.

These two sorts of Shoes will cost you \$3 a pair if reproduced. The sixes are complete, the fit perfect. They are great bargains at the prices.

Bargain No. 3—Boys' Stout Shoes, sizes 11 to 2, widths A to D, spring heels, buttons, good quality, worth regular 21¹ in., 75c; 22 in., \$1 to \$1.75, to-day \$1.

Wanamaker's.

\$1.50. Admirable for Summer.

A Henrietta surprise this time—Black Henrietta, All-wool, and 45 in.

Weight, quality and lustre every whit as good as we've had. \$1 a yard for—thousands of pieces. The price is 75c.

Across the aisle, one from hundreds—All-silk and Wool Mexican mesh Black Grenadine at 65c. imported to sell at \$1.

Clap a glass on this Printed Scotch Crape. See why it's crinkly? Some threads loose where others draw. But notice the threads; plump, round, even. Honest work in every twirl that changed that cotton into cord.

Such a Crape will stand hanging wear and hold its beauty. Maybe a dozen designs; as many more colorings. Price? Fifteen cents.

But the makers never meant it. Imported to sell at 35c.

Crapier still, a trifle lighter, American, and also 15c. Thirteen plain colors, counting daintiest pinks, blues, heliotropes, reds and tans. Many a bewitching evening dress comes from those pretty pieces.

We've passed Sateens, silky Sateens, too long. While all the world of printed Dress Stuffs—Challis, Organies, Mouselines, Jaconets, Brandenburgs—has been getting ahead as never before, Sateens have been keeping close step with the leaders.

After the delightful softness and finish the glory of Sateen is in the color work. French art takes a high flight there. Such mosses and chrysanthemums and pinks! Daisies, real enough to worry a thrifty farmer. Dark grounds or light and all aglow with tints that tell of master-work in picturing. 35c. a yard.

Pekin Stripes—Sateen with satin stripes and blossom bits. Modest but masterly. New shades of tan, blue-gray, reds, lavender, Nile, ashes of rose, gray. Chintz colorings coming. 37c.

French Organies—catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 57c.

Linen Lawns, 37 styles at 30c; 35 styles, at 35c.

That tells variety—their cool, crisp beauty is beyond words.

White grounds touched with black or blue or red (or two of them) into fine ferny fronds, bits of grasses, heads of grain, plant sprays, grandings of shadings in wiggly shapes.

New art in them—beyond the fineness of Linen and the wit of weaving—artists' art; soft, shadowy, refreshing as the shade of a tree.

If you ever liked Linen Lawns you will love them now.

Linen for the Summer bed—interesting if you court coolness in such clothes.

Full 90 in. bleached Linen Sheetings at 90c. equal of any \$1 Sheetings elsewhere.

Hemstitched Linen Pillows, Cases, 22x36 in., \$1. pair. Bolster Cases, \$1.25 each.

The heavy German Table Linens are plenty once more—at least 25 per cent. under the regular retail market.

6 patterns, 60 in., heavy Drill at 50c.

The Transcript

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

Thursday Afternoon, April 28, 1892

Mails Close as Follows:

GOING NORTH	GOING SOUTH
7.30 A. M. - R. F. O.	8.30 A. M. - R. F. O.
10.30 A. M. - R. F. O.	10.30 A. M. - R. F. O.
4.30 P. M. - R. F. O.	4.30 P. M. - R. F. O.
6.30 P. M. - R. F. O.	6.30 P. M. - R. F. O.

Wilm. and Phila.

For Odessa - 25, 10.45 A. M. and 6 P. M.
For Cincinnati, Sacramento, &c. 9.25 A. M.

Church Directory.

MIDDLETOWN M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. N. M. Browne, Pastor.

Present Sabbath School every Sabbath at 7.30 p. m. Sabbath School every Sabbath at 2 p. m. Alfred G. Cox, Superintendent.

7.30 o'clock. The class meetings are held as follows: Sunday, 8 a. m., Mr. W. H. Moore; Tuesday, 7.30 p. m., Mr. W. H. Moore and John B. Roberts; Wednesday, 7.30 p. m., Mr. W. H. Moore; Thursday, 7.30 p. m., Mr. W. H. Moore; Friday, 7.30 p. m., Mr. W. H. Moore; Saturday, 7.30 p. m., Mr. W. H. Moore.

For Odessa - 25, 10.45 A. M. and 6 P. M.
For Cincinnati, Sacramento, &c. 9.25 A. M.

ARMSTRONG'S CHAPEL.

Rev. Francis H. Moore, Pastor.

Services held every Sabbath morning at 10.30 o'clock, and every Sabbath evening at 7.30 p. m. Services will be held every Sabbath morning at 8.30 o'clock. Harry E. Wilson Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

Services at Armstrong's Chapel the first Sabbath of each month at 2.30 p. m.

ST. ANDREW'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Rev. J. Beers, Rector.

Divine Services on Sunday mornings at half past ten o'clock and in the evenings at seven o'clock. Sunday-school at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Service Friday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

There will be preaching at Armstrong's Chapel Sunday afternoon next at 3 o'clock.

Pure Ground Novia Scotia land plater by the bag or ton.

S. M. Reynolds & Co.

W. R. Reynolds has just completed a set of Nofflet leather harness, for Messrs. Teadale & Harrington of New York City.

The young men of the town will give a dance in McWhorter's Hall to-morrow evening. A small number of visitors have been invited and an enjoyable time is anticipated.

Night Officer Correy has tendered his resignation as police officer, owing to the low salary paid, and will in the future act as private watchman for several of our merchants in town.

S. M. Reynolds & Co., have secured the contract for furnishing dry goods for the Almshouse. They were able to outbid all comers. The contract was awarded yesterday afternoon.

Frank M. Gooding, who a few weeks ago suffered severe injuries by being thrown from a horse he was riding, has about recovered and is able to be among his friends once more.

Five members of the Segars family, colored, of this place have died within a year. The deaths have generally been sudden and unexpected. Cause, supposed to be rheumatism of the heart.

Stock is being taken in the proposed cotton mill, and the gentlemen of the Board of Trade and the Middletown Improvement Co., hope to have the preliminaries arranged in a short time.

J. Frank Wilds, direct tax commissioner, will attend at the Register's office, Court House, Wilmington, from Monday the 9th to Saturday the 14th days of May next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M.

Strawberries are in the local market, and can be had at 25 cents per quart. When they become plentiful and a half-dozen quarts can be had for what one now costs, perhaps we can indulge; but not now.

Mrs. Sallie Creag, a colored woman residing in Hamtown, complained of illness Tuesday morning, and a physician was summoned. She died before his arrival. Her sudden demise was caused by rheumatism of the heart.

List of unclaimed letters remaining in the post office, which can be had by saying they are advertised: Mrs. Agnes Anthony, J. J. Corbaley, James Dashields, John R. Fountain, Stephen Ford, Walter Filligree, Eliza Hamilton, Miss Annie Redgrave.

Messrs. James E. Booth, Harry W. Herbert, J. D. Wegemann, Albert V. Foster, Mahlon Lancaster and Louis Bell of the New Castle Wheel Club rode down the state road to Middletown on Sunday morning and returned at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The Cob pipe and pearl button factories will come to Middletown soon. All the necessary cobs are in sight and enough of the right kind will hereafter be raised to keep the factory running. Quite a number of hands will be employed in these factories. Members of the Board of Trade are elated over the success of their efforts.

Mrs. Helen T. Bullock, of Elmina, N. Y., lectured on "The Use of Narcotics," before a large audience in the Opera House here Sunday afternoon. She is an entertaining speaker, and handles her subject with rare ability. The lecture was given under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. The Middletown orchestra assisted with the music.

A colored man met with a rather unpleasant and dangerous experience at St. Anne's bridge a few days ago. He sat down to rest on one of the stone walls which enclose the roadway and soon fell asleep. During his slumber he rolled over too far and fell into the water below, a distance of about fifteen feet. The stream was not very deep at that point, and therefore a slight shaking up he was uninjured. He will not slumber on that wall again.

H. L. Clayton of Middletown, has passed his final examinations at the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia. Dr. Clayton took the scholarship prize last year and was far up in his class at the final examinations. He will receive his diploma at the graduation exercises to be held at the Chestnut street Opera House on the 4th day of May. He will then probably enter one of the Philadelphia hospitals as a resident physician in which capacity he will serve one year before entering upon the active duties of his profession.

A New Church Organ.

The congregation of Forest Presbyterian Church want a new pipe organ and as the amount needed for the purchase of the same has been secured the contract for the instrument will be made as soon as possible. It is the intention at present to have it in position by the second or third week in September.

The securing of the required amount has been the aim of the people of the church for three years past, and with the consummation of that aim comes a feeling of satisfaction which one always experiences after being successful in any worthy undertaking. The young ladies of the church have been adding to the Fund by entertainments, suppers, etc., and have striven in every way to help the cause. For their work they have the thanks of the congregation and officers of the church. Friends outside of the church have contributed liberally and the pastor Rev. F. H. Moore has received nearly \$300 in this manner.

At a congregational meeting last Sunday morning over \$500 was subscribed toward the fund. After the services last evening another meeting was held and arrangements perfected looking toward the purchase of the instrument. The following were selected as a committee to make the selection: Misses Myrtle Houston, Vinie Lynch, Lena Pleasanton and Mrs. J. B. Maxwell and Rev. F. H. Moore, Samuel Pennington, G. W. W. Naudale and Dr. T. H. Gilpin.

The organ now in the church for sale. The amount of money in the treasury for the purchase of a new instrument is something over \$1800.

Personal Matters.

B. P. Wilson of Elkin, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Jessie Anderson spent Sunday with Wilmington friends.

Miss Lettie H. Price has been visiting friends in Philadelphia this week.

Miss Alice Mills of Clayton, was the guest of Miss Edith Reynolds on Tuesday.

William Warren of the Smyrna Times, spent Sunday with relatives in town.

James T. Challenger, of New Castle, was the guest of Hugh C. Browne on Sunday.

Dr. Stewart Pool of Pittsburgh, is spending several days with his parents at McDonough.

Messrs. A. H. Reynolds and Albert Constable, Jr., of Elkton, were in town Sunday.

Frank Hardeast, Esq., and wife of New York City, spent Sunday with Mrs. Thomas Cochran.

Chas. S. Caffrey, the Camden carriage builder and breeder of trotting horses, was in town yesterday.

Miss Jeanie S. Wright visited friends and relatives in Chester county, Pa., on Sunday and Monday.

Robert Cochran and wife of Millington, Md., returned last evening from a visit among friends here.

Hugh C. Browne delivered an address before the Delaware Republican Association at Washington, D. C., Tuesday evening.

Miss Allie R. McKee who has been visiting in Florida for the past three months, is expected to arrive home sometime next week.

The Dance at Smyrna.

The most brilliant dance the young people of Smyrna ever arranged came off in the Opera House at that place last Thursday evening. The hall was tastily decorated and a large number of handsome ferns, palms and potted plants were placed on the stage. Ogleby's orchestra of five pieces furnished music that was pronounced perfect. About forty couples were present, and everything possible was done by the committee in charge, to make the visitors have a good time. Excellent refreshments and were served at 12 o'clock and dancing was then resumed until 8.30 A. M.

The following persons from Middletown were in attendance: Miss Helen Naudale, Miss Bessie M. Reynolds, Miss Mary P. Cochran, Miss Mattie Lockwood, and Messrs. Howard A. Pool, G. Victor Reynolds, Harry Griffith and William F. Metten. The party returned home by train the following morning.

C. T. C. County Convention.

The County Convention of the W. C. T. U. was held at Newport last Thursday, and despite the stormy weather fully fifty of the delegates and officers were present. The meeting was an enthusiastic one. Several interesting papers were read and the reports of the Union were very encouraging. The evening address was given by Mrs. Helen L. Bullock, of Elmina, N. Y. At the election all the old officers were re-elected. The next meeting will be held at Townsend. Mrs. Marcelline Price and Mrs. V. L. Culbertson were the delegates from Middletown.

The Peach Buds.

If the warm weather continues and nothing unexpected occurs, there is no doubt that we will have a good prospect for peaches this season. The late cold weather has injured the buds considerably, but a great many are still alive and thriving from the benefits of the warm sun and frequent showers. There will not be such a glut of the fruit as there was last season, but present indications are that we will have a fair crop and these are the kind that pay the farmers.

Cleveland Democratic Club.

The first regular meeting of the Cleveland Democratic Club will be held at McWhorter's Hall on Tuesday evening next at 8 o'clock. Several committees appointed at the previous meeting are to report and other business will come before the Club.

It is very probable that one or more addresses will be made by prominent Democrats. The work of the campaign will be considered, and it is desired that there be a large meeting.

Flow lines and traces at S. M. Reynolds & Co's.

Wedding Nuptials.

EDWIN A. PRETYMAN, of this town, and Miss Mary A. Purnell of Philadelphia, were married at the home of the bride's parents, No. 1985 North 24th Street, that city, at 8.15 o'clock Tuesday evening. The wedding was a very pretty one and was witnessed by about fifty friends and relatives of the contracting parties.

The ceremony was performed in the parlor by Rev. Mr. Telmanian of the Broad and Master street Presbyterian church. The groom with his best man, Dr. Horace Vaughan, entered the parlor, preceded by the bride dressed in a gray travelling costume, and leaning on the arm of her father. The wedding march from Lohengrin was executed by Miss Brown of Philadelphia. The bride was given away by her father and in a short time the couple were pronounced man and wife.

A reception followed the ceremony and congratulations were extended to the happy pair. They left the house at 9.30 o'clock amid showers of rice and the best wishes of their friends for Broad street station, and at 10.30 took the train for a short wedding journey.

Excellent refreshments were served in the dining room after the ceremony. The presents were numerous and costly.

Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman will reside in Middletown, and are expected to arrive here the first of next week.

Those present at the wedding from Middletown were: Miss Lettie H. Price, Dr. Horace Vaughan, Wm. G. Lockwood and Will. F. Metten.

BROWN - MCKEE.

A pretty wedding took place Tuesday evening at 6.30 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, when Miss Emma Florence McKee was married to William G. Brown, both of the same city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. F. Meredith, of the Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church. The bridegroom was Miss Athene McKee and Miss Ida M. Brown. The groomsmen were W. Bruce Barrow and Walter L. Brown, and the ushers, Marvin Gernand and Charles Eckman.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Rice and Dr. R. B. McKee of this place, were present at the wedding.

Demorest Medal Contest.

The entertainment given on the occasion of the Demorest Medal Contest at the Opera House Tuesday evening was well attended, and proved instructive as well as enteraining.

The stage was handsomely decorated with potted plants, and the well-known emblem of the W. C. T. U., "For God and Home and Native Land," occupied a prominent position over the platform.

The contestants as numbered were as follows: Miss Lena Craddock, Miss May Appleton, Miss Sallie Jolls, Miss Mable Taylor, Miss Evelyn Littleton, Miss Susie Parker, Albert Cavender, Miss Katie Vansant and Miss Martha Heaten. Each declaration was given well. The contestants spoke distinctly and seemed perfectly at ease on the stage. The judges, Prof. Herman Rowe of Smyrna, and Rev. H. S. Thompson and Joseph L. Gibson of Odessa, award the handsome silver medal to Miss Martha Heaten. Each other contestant received a book.

A quartet by Miss Lillian Budd, Miss Vinie Lynch, F. N. Howell and William Vansant, and two duets by Miss Addie Hazzard and Miss Lena Pleasanton contributed much toward the evening's entertainment. Miss Vinie Lynch, Miss Maggie Arthers and Rev. T. H. Martindale, also contributed to the musical features of the program.

This is the second Demorest Medal Contest that has been given here. At the previous one R. Thomas Cochran was the successful contestant, and won the medal.

Great Fire in Philadelphia.

Last night at 8 o'clock fire broke out in the Central Theatre and soon extended to the Times Annex and a number of other buildings on Eighth street, totally destroying them.

In the Times Annex were all the presses, type and much other valuable material necessary to the publication of a great paper. The loss there is placed at \$450,000 with a two-thirds insurance. About sixty persons were more or less seriously injured.

The performance at the Central was about to begin when the fire was discovered and considerable excitement ensued. The injured persons were among those who were in the midst of the stampede. Several of the actors employed have not yet been accounted for, but it is not believed that any perished in the flames.

Rumored Railroad Changes.

An important railroad change is said to be contemplated by the Delaware Railroad Company which is to benefit Dover greatly and will be likely to make a very quiet village of Clayton. The arrangement contemplates the removal of all the railroad offices from Clayton to Dover, the erection of a new station at that place and the general transfer of headquarters and workshops there.

The matter is being worked very quietly and railroad officers will say nothing about it, but the first step in the movement has been taken by the Delaware Railroad Company's purchase of the valuable residence of T. M. Wilson on King street as a permanent superintendent's residence. Very few in either Dover or Clayton have even a hint of the matter yet, but it is to come.

Ministerial Changes.

Rev. W. E. Avery, pastor of Mt. Salem M. E. church, Wilmington, has received and accepted a call to the pulpit of the M. E. church at Easton, Md., lately vacated by Rev. J. A. B. Wilson. Rev. S. M. Morgan of Hillsboro, Md., will succeed Mr. Avery as pastor at Mt. Salem.

We beat them all on "White Wash" Brushes.

G. E. HUKILL.

For RENT - The third story room, Cochran Block, lately occupied by the I. O. O. F. Lodge.

S. M. Reynolds & Co.

State Items.

EDWARD L. HAYNES of Wilmington, and Miss Patterson of Washington, D. C., is announced.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of New Castle County, has adopted resolutions deploring the sale of cigarettes to minors.

J. Miller Thomas, proprietor and publisher of the Peninsula Methodist, sailed from New York, on Tuesday last, for a brief visit to the Bermuda Islands.

The Rev. W. A. Beatson has resigned the pastorate of St. George's Presbyterian Church to take effect June 1st. He proposes returning to Scotland.

The straw stacks of Isaac Truax, near Townsend, caught fire and were burned on Tuesday afternoon. The fire caught from flying sparks from burning rubbish near the stacks.

Slaughter House has again changed hands. George and Ed. Reynolds, the owners, having sold the property to David Roach for \$6,500. The new proprietor will continue to run it as a summer resort.

Comptroller Staats, of New Castle county, asks for the Democratic nomination to succeed himself. The only man named in opposition is Thos. Holcomb.

George Waibel fell under a 2000-pound road roller at Wilmington Saturday afternoon, and was flattened out instantly like a pancake. He was 42 years old and leaves a widow and eight children.

Miss Sarah Conner, an aged former resident of Middletown, died at Farmhurst on Monday evening, April 18, aged about

Thursday Afternoon, April 25, 1852

A SPRING ROMANCE.

(Concluded from first page.)

He put his arm around her waist and helped her out, and did not put her down till they reached the road. She was completely dressed, even to her hat and shoes, but she mourned: "My hair is every which way; Lyme, how can I be married so?"

They were nearing the horse and buggy now, and Lyme laughed. "Oh, we'll stop at Jenning's and fix up. He has told his mother by this time. So just laugh as jolly as you can."

Soon they were in the buggy, the impatient horse swung into the road at a rattling pace, and as Marietta leaned back in the seat, thinking of what she had done, she cried lamentably, in spite of all the caresses and pleadings of her lover.

But the sun burst up from the plain, the prairie-chickens took up their mighty chorus on the hills, robins met them on the way, flocks of wild geese, honking cheerily, drove far overhead towards the north, and with these sounds of a golden spring day in her ears, the bride grew cheerful, and made him uncomfortable.

At about the time when the sun was rising, Farmer Bacon, roused from his sleep by the crowing of the chickens on the dry knolls in the fields as well as by those in the barnyard, rolled out of bed wearily, wondering why he should feel so drowsy. Then he remembered the row with Lyme and his subsequent inability to sleep with thinking over it. There was a dull pain in his breast, which made him uncomfortable.

As was his usual custom, he went out into the kitchen and built the fire for Marietta, filled the tea-kettle with water, and filled the water bucket in the sink. Then he went to her bedroom door and knocked, with his knuckles as he had done for years, in precisely the same fashion.

Rap—rap—rap. "Hello, Merry! Time t' git up. Broad daylight, an' birds a-singin'!"

Without waiting for an answer he went out to the barn and worked away at his chores. He took such delight in the glorious morning and the turbulent life of the farmyard that his heart grew light and he hummed a tune which sounded like the merry growl of a lion. "Poo-ee, poo-ee," he called to the pigs as they swarmed across the yard.

"Ahrr! you big, fat rascals, them hams o' yours is clear money. One o' ye shall go to buy Merry a new dress," he said as he glanced at the house and saw the smoke pouring out the stove-pipe. "Merry's a good girl; she's stod by her old pap when other girls u'd a' gone back on 'im."

While currying the horses he went all over the ground of the quarrel yesterday, and he began to see it in a different light. He began to see that Lyme Gilman was a good man and an able man, and that his own course was a foolish one.

"When I git mad," he confessed to himself, "I don't know anythin'. But I won't give her up. She ain't old 'ough t' marry yet—and, besides, I need her."

Having got his chores done as usual, he went to the well and washed his face and hands, then entered the kitchen—to find the tea-kettle boiling over, and no signs of breakfast anywhere and no sign of the girl.

"Well, I guess she felt sleepy this mornin'. Poor gal mebbe she cried half the night."

"Merry!" he called gently at her door. "Merry, m' gal! Pap needs his breakfast."

There was no reply, and the old man's face stiffened into a wild surprise. He knocked heavily again and again, and got no reply, and with a white face and shaking hand he flung the door open and gazed at the empty bed. His hand dropped to his side; his head turned slowly from the bed to the open window; he rushed forward and looked out on the ground, where he saw the tracks of a man.

He fell heavily into the chair by the bed, while a deep groan broke from his stiff and twisting lips.

"She's left me! She's left me!"

For a long, half-hour the iron-muscled old man sat there motionless, hearing not the songs of the hens or the birds far out in the brilliant sunshine. He had lost sight of his farm, his day's work, and told no hunger for food. He did not doubt that her going was final. He felt that she was gone from him forever. If she ever came back it would not be as his daughter, but as the wife of Gilman. She had deserted him, lied in the night like a thief; his heart began to harden in him, and he rose stiffly. His native stubbornness began to assert itself, the first great shock over, and he went out to the kitchen, and prepared as best he could a breakfast; and sat down to it. In some way his appetite failed him, and he fell to thinking over his past life, of the death of his wife, and the early death of his only boy. He was still trying to think what his life would be in the future without his girl when two carriages drove into the yard. It was about the middle of the forenoon, and the prairie-chickens had ceased to boom and squawk; in fact, that was why he knew that he had been sitting

two hours at the table. Before he could rise he heard swift feet and a merry voice. Then Marietta burst through the door.

"Hello, pap! How you makin' out with break?" She saw a look on his face that went to her heart like a knife. She saw a lonely and deserted old man sitting at his cold and cheerless breakfast, and with a remorseful cry she ran across the floor and took him in her arms, kissing him again and again, while Mr. John Jennings and his wife stood in the door.

"My hair is every which way; Lyme, how can I be married so?"

They were nearing the horse and buggy now, and Lyme laughed. "Oh, we'll stop at Jenning's and fix up. He has told his mother by this time. So just laugh as jolly as you can."

Soon they were in the buggy, the impatient horse swung into the road at a rattling pace, and as Marietta leaned back in the seat, thinking of what she had done, she cried lamentably, in spite of all the caresses and pleadings of her lover.

But the sun burst up from the plain, the prairie-chickens took up their mighty chorus on the hills, robins met them on the way, flocks of wild geese, honking cheerily, drove far overhead towards the north, and with these sounds of a golden spring day in her ears, the bride grew cheerful, and made him uncomfortable.

At about the time when the sun was rising, Farmer Bacon, roused from his sleep by the crowing of the chickens on the dry knolls in the fields as well as by those in the barnyard, rolled out of bed wearily, wondering why he should feel so drowsy. Then he remembered the row with Lyme and his subsequent inability to sleep with thinking over it. There was a dull pain in his breast, which made him uncomfortable.

As was his usual custom, he went out into the kitchen and built the fire for Marietta, filled the tea-kettle with water, and filled the water bucket in the sink. Then he went to her bedroom door and knocked, with his knuckles as he had done for years, in precisely the same fashion.

"Ahrr! you big, fat rascals, them hams o' yours is clear money. One o' ye shall go to buy Merry a new dress," he said as he glanced at the house and saw the smoke pouring out the stove-pipe. "Merry's a good girl; she's stod by her old pap when other girls u'd a' gone back on 'im."

While currying the horses he went all over the ground of the quarrel yesterday, and he began to see it in a different light. He began to see that Lyme Gilman was a good man and an able man, and that his own course was a foolish one.

"When I git mad," he confessed to himself, "I don't know anythin'. But I won't give her up. She ain't old 'ough t' marry yet—and, besides, I need her."

Having got his chores done as usual, he went to the well and washed his face and hands, then entered the kitchen—to find the tea-kettle boiling over, and no signs of breakfast anywhere and no sign of the girl.

"Well, I guess she felt sleepy this mornin'. Poor gal mebbe she cried half the night."

"Merry!" he called gently at her door. "Merry, m' gal! Pap needs his breakfast."

There was no reply, and the old man's face stiffened into a wild surprise. He knocked heavily again and again, and got no reply, and with a white face and shaking hand he flung the door open and gazed at the empty bed. His hand dropped to his side; his head turned slowly from the bed to the open window; he rushed forward and looked out on the ground, where he saw the tracks of a man.

He fell heavily into the chair by the bed, while a deep groan broke from his stiff and twisting lips.

"She's left me! She's left me!"

For a long, half-hour the iron-muscled old man sat there motionless, hearing not the songs of the hens or the birds far out in the brilliant sunshine. He had lost sight of his farm, his day's work, and told no hunger for food. He did not doubt that her going was final. He felt that she was gone from him forever. If she ever came back it would not be as his daughter, but as the wife of Gilman. She had deserted him, lied in the night like a thief; his heart began to harden in him, and he rose stiffly. His native stubbornness began to assert itself, the first great shock over, and he went out to the kitchen, and prepared as best he could a breakfast; and sat down to it. In some way his appetite failed him, and he fell to thinking over his past life, of the death of his wife, and the early death of his only boy. He was still trying to think what his life would be in the future without his girl when two carriages drove into the yard. It was about the middle of the forenoon, and the prairie-chickens had ceased to boom and squawk; in fact, that was why he knew that he had been sitting

two hours at the table. Before he could rise he heard swift feet and a merry voice. Then Marietta burst through the door.

"Hello, pap! How you makin' out with break?" She saw a look on his face that went to her heart like a knife. She saw a lonely and deserted old man sitting at his cold and cheerless breakfast, and with a remorseful cry she ran across the floor and took him in her arms, kissing him again and again, while Mr. John Jennings and his wife stood in the door.

"My hair is every which way; Lyme, how can I be married so?"

They were nearing the horse and buggy now, and Lyme laughed. "Oh, we'll stop at Jenning's and fix up. He has told his mother by this time. So just laugh as jolly as you can."

Soon they were in the buggy, the impatient horse swung into the road at a rattling pace, and as Marietta leaned back in the seat, thinking of what she had done, she cried lamentably, in spite of all the caresses and pleadings of her lover.

But the sun burst up from the plain, the prairie-chickens took up their mighty chorus on the hills, robins met them on the way, flocks of wild geese, honking cheerily, drove far overhead towards the north, and with these sounds of a golden spring day in her ears, the bride grew cheerful, and made him uncomfortable.

At about the time when the sun was rising, Farmer Bacon, roused from his sleep by the crowing of the chickens on the dry knolls in the fields as well as by those in the barnyard, rolled out of bed wearily, wondering why he should feel so drowsy. Then he remembered the row with Lyme and his subsequent inability to sleep with thinking over it. There was a dull pain in his breast, which made him uncomfortable.

As was his usual custom, he went out into the kitchen and built the fire for Marietta, filled the tea-kettle with water, and filled the water bucket in the sink. Then he went to her bedroom door and knocked, with his knuckles as he had done for years, in precisely the same fashion.

"Ahrr! you big, fat rascals, them hams o' yours is clear money. One o' ye shall go to buy Merry a new dress," he said as he glanced at the house and saw the smoke pouring out the stove-pipe. "Merry's a good girl; she's stod by her old pap when other girls u'd a' gone back on 'im."

While currying the horses he went all over the ground of the quarrel yesterday, and he began to see it in a different light. He began to see that Lyme Gilman was a good man and an able man, and that his own course was a foolish one.

"When I git mad," he confessed to himself, "I don't know anythin'. But I won't give her up. She ain't old 'ough t' marry yet—and, besides, I need her."

Having got his chores done as usual, he went to the well and washed his face and hands, then entered the kitchen—to find the tea-kettle boiling over, and no signs of breakfast anywhere and no sign of the girl.

"Well, I guess she felt sleepy this mornin'. Poor gal mebbe she cried half the night."

"Merry!" he called gently at her door. "Merry, m' gal! Pap needs his breakfast."

There was no reply, and the old man's face stiffened into a wild surprise. He knocked heavily again and again, and got no reply, and with a white face and shaking hand he flung the door open and gazed at the empty bed. His hand dropped to his side; his head turned slowly from the bed to the open window; he rushed forward and looked out on the ground, where he saw the tracks of a man.

He fell heavily into the chair by the bed, while a deep groan broke from his stiff and twisting lips.

"She's left me! She's left me!"

For a long, half-hour the iron-muscled old man sat there motionless, hearing not the songs of the hens or the birds far out in the brilliant sunshine. He had lost sight of his farm, his day's work, and told no hunger for food. He did not doubt that her going was final. He felt that she was gone from him forever. If she ever came back it would not be as his daughter, but as the wife of Gilman. She had deserted him, lied in the night like a thief; his heart began to harden in him, and he rose stiffly. His native stubbornness began to assert itself, the first great shock over, and he went out to the kitchen, and prepared as best he could a breakfast; and sat down to it. In some way his appetite failed him, and he fell to thinking over his past life, of the death of his wife, and the early death of his only boy. He was still trying to think what his life would be in the future without his girl when two carriages drove into the yard. It was about the middle of the forenoon, and the prairie-chickens had ceased to boom and squawk; in fact, that was why he knew that he had been sitting

two hours at the table. Before he could rise he heard swift feet and a merry voice. Then Marietta burst through the door.

"Hello, pap! How you makin' out with break?" She saw a look on his face that went to her heart like a knife. She saw a lonely and deserted old man sitting at his cold and cheerless breakfast, and with a remorseful cry she ran across the floor and took him in her arms, kissing him again and again, while Mr. John Jennings and his wife stood in the door.

"My hair is every which way; Lyme, how can I be married so?"

They were nearing the horse and buggy now, and Lyme laughed. "Oh, we'll stop at Jenning's and fix up. He has told his mother by this time. So just laugh as jolly as you can."

Soon they were in the buggy, the impatient horse swung into the road at a rattling pace, and as Marietta leaned back in the seat, thinking of what she had done, she cried lamentably, in spite of all the caresses and pleadings of her lover.

But the sun burst up from the plain, the prairie-chickens took up their mighty chorus on the hills, robins met them on the way, flocks of wild geese, honking cheerily, drove far overhead towards the north, and with these sounds of a golden spring day in her ears, the bride grew cheerful, and made him uncomfortable.

At about the time when the sun was rising, Farmer Bacon, roused from his sleep by the crowing of the chickens on the dry knolls in the fields as well as by those in the barnyard, rolled out of bed wearily, wondering why he should feel so drowsy. Then he remembered the row with Lyme and his subsequent inability to sleep with thinking over it. There was a dull pain in his breast, which made him uncomfortable.

As was his usual custom, he went out into the kitchen and built the fire for Marietta, filled the tea-kettle with water, and filled the water bucket in the sink. Then he went to her bedroom door and knocked, with his knuckles as he had done for years, in precisely the same fashion.

"Ahrr! you big, fat rascals, them hams o' yours is clear money. One o' ye shall go to buy Merry a new dress," he said as he glanced at the house and saw the smoke pouring out the stove-pipe. "Merry's a good girl; she's stod by her old pap when other girls u'd a' gone back on 'im."

While currying the horses he went all over the ground of the quarrel yesterday, and he began to see it in a different light. He began to see that Lyme Gilman was a good man and an able man, and that his own course was a foolish one.

"When I git mad," he confessed to himself, "I don't know anythin'. But I won't give her up. She ain't old 'ough t' marry yet—and, besides, I need her."

Having got his chores done as usual, he went to the well and washed his face and hands, then entered the kitchen—to find the tea-kettle boiling over, and no signs of breakfast anywhere and no sign of the girl.

"Well, I guess she felt sleepy this mornin'. Poor gal mebbe she cried half the night."

"Merry!" he called gently at her door. "Merry, m' gal! Pap needs his breakfast."

There was no reply, and the old man's face stiffened into a wild surprise. He knocked heavily again and again, and got no reply, and with a white face and shaking hand he flung the door open and gazed at the empty bed. His hand dropped to his side; his head turned slowly from the bed to the open window; he rushed forward and looked out on the ground, where he saw the tracks of a man.

He fell heavily into the chair by the bed, while a deep groan broke from his stiff and twisting lips.

"She's left me! She's left me!"

For a long, half-hour the iron-muscled old man sat there motionless, hearing not the songs of the hens or the birds far out in the brilliant sunshine. He had lost sight of his farm, his day's work, and told no hunger for food. He did not doubt that her going was final. He felt that she was gone from him forever. If she ever came back it would not be as his daughter, but as the wife of Gilman. She had deserted him, lied in the night like a thief; his heart began to harden in him, and he rose stiffly. His native stubbornness began to assert itself, the first great shock over, and he went out to the kitchen, and prepared as best he could a breakfast; and sat down to it. In some way his appetite failed him, and he fell to thinking over his past life, of the death of his wife, and the early death of his only boy. He was still trying to think what his life would be in the future without his girl when two carriages drove into the yard. It was about the middle of the forenoon, and the prairie-chickens had ceased to boom and squawk; in fact, that was why he knew that he had been sitting

two hours at the table. Before he could rise he heard swift feet and a merry voice. Then Marietta burst through the door.

"Hello, pap! How you makin' out with break?" She saw a look on his face that went to her heart like a knife. She saw a lonely and deserted old man sitting at his cold and cheerless breakfast, and with a remorseful cry she ran across the floor and took him in her arms, kissing him again and again, while Mr. John Jennings and his wife stood in the door.

"My hair is every which way; Lyme, how can I be married so?"

They were nearing the horse and buggy now, and Lyme laughed. "Oh, we'll stop at Jenning's and fix up. He has told his mother by this time. So just laugh as jolly as you can."

Soon they were in the buggy, the impatient horse swung into the road at a rattling pace, and as Marietta leaned back in the seat, thinking of what she had done, she cried lamentably, in spite of all the caresses and pleadings of her lover.

But the sun burst up from the plain, the prairie-chickens took up their mighty chorus on the hills, robins met them on the way, flocks of wild geese, honking cheerily, drove far overhead towards the north, and with these sounds of a golden spring day in her ears, the bride grew cheerful, and made him uncomfortable.

At about the time when the sun was rising, Farmer Bacon, roused from his sleep by the crowing of the chickens on the dry knolls in the fields as well as by those in the barnyard, rolled out of bed wearily, wondering why he should feel so drowsy. Then he remembered the row with Lyme and his subsequent inability to sleep with thinking over it. There was a dull pain in his breast, which made him uncomfortable.

As was his usual custom, he went out into the kitchen and built the fire for Marietta, filled the tea-kettle with water, and filled the water bucket in the sink. Then he went to her bedroom door and knocked, with his knuckles as he had done for years, in precisely